

Your Wife, your Sonne: These Senators, the Nobles,
And you, will rather shew our generall Lowts,
How you can frowne, then spend a fawne vpon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loues, and safegard
Of what that want might ruine.

Menen. Noble Lady,
Come goe with vs, speake faire: you may salue so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the losse
Of what is past.

Volum. I pry thee now, my Sonne,
Goe to them, with this Bonnet in thy hand,
And thus farre hauing stretcht it (here be with them)
Thy Knee bussing the stones: for in such businesse
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th'ignorant
More learned then the eares, waiting thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest Mulberry,
That will not hold the handling: or say to them,
Thou art their Souldier, and being bred in broyles,
Hast not the soft way, which thou do'st confesse
Were fit for thee to vse, as they to clayme,
In asking their good loues, but thou wilt frame
Thy selfe (forsooth) hereafter theirs so farre,
As thou hast power and person.

Menen. This but done,
Euen as she speaks, why their hearts were yours:
For they haue Pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Volum. Prythee now,
Goe, and be rul'd: although I know thou hadst rather
Follow thine Enemie in a fierie Gulfe,
Then flatter him in a Bower. *Enter Cominius.*
Here is Cominius.

Com. I haue bene i'th' Market place: and Sir 'tis fit
You make strong partie, or defend your selfe
By calmenesse, or by absence: all's in anger.

Menen. Onely faire speech.
Com. I thinke 'twill serue, if he can thereto frame his
spirit.

Volum. He must, and will:
Prythee now say you will, and goe about it.

Corio. Must I goe shew them my vnbar'd Sconce?
Must I with my base Tongue giue to my Noble Heart
A Lye, that it must beare well? I will doo't:
Yet were there but this single Plot, to loose
This Mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grinde it,
And throw't against the Winde. Toth' Market place:
You haue put me now to such a part, which neuer
I shall discharge toth' Life.

Com. Come, come, wee'le prompt you.

Volum. I prythee now sweet Son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a Souldier; so
To haue my praise for this, performe a part
Thou hast not done before.

Corio. Well, I must doo't:
Away my disposition, and possesse me
Some Harlots spirit: My throat of Warre be turn'd,
Which quier'd with my Drumme into a Pipe,
Small as an Eunuch, or the Virgin voyce
That Babies lull a-sleepe: The smiles of Knaues
Tent in my cheekes, and Schoole-boyes Teares take vp
The Glasses of my sight: A Beggars Tongue
Make motion through my Lips, and my Arm'd knees
Who bow'd but in my Stirrop, bend like his
That hath receiu'd an Almes. I will not doo't,
Least I surcease to honor mine owne truth,

And by my Bodies action, teach my Minde
A most inherent Basenesse.

Volum. At thy choice then:

To begge of thee, it is my more dishonor,
Then thou of them. Come all to ruine, let
Thy Mother rather feele thy Pride, then feare
Thy dangerous Stoutnesse: for I mocke at death
With as bigge heart as thou. Do as thou list,
Thy Valiantnesse was mine, thou suck't it from me:
But owe thy Pride thy selfe.

Corio. Pray be content:

Mother, I am going to the Market place:
Chide me no more. Ile Mountebanke their Loues,
Cogge their Hearts from them, and come home belou'd
Of all the Trades in Rome. Looke, I am going:
Commend me to my Wife, Ile returne Consull,
Or neuer trust to what my Tongue can do
I'th way of Flattery further.

Volum. Do your will.

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you: *Exit Volum.*
To answer mildly: for they are prepar'd
With Accusations, as I heare more strong
Then are vpon you yet.

Corio. The word is, Mildely. Pray you let vs go,
Let them accuse me by inuention: I
Will answer in mine Honor.

Menen. I, but mildly.

Corio. Well mildly be it then, Mildely. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Br. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannicall power: If he euade vs there,
Inforce him with his enuy to the people,
And that the Spoile goe on the *Antians*
Was ne're distributed. What, will he come?

Enter an Edile.

Edile. Hee's comming,

Br. How accompanied?

Edile. With old *Menenius*, and those Senators
That alwayes fauour'd him.

Sic. Haue you a Catalogue

Of all the Voices that we haue procur'd, ser'downe by th'
Edile. I haue: 'tis ready. *(Pole?)*

Sic. Haue you collected them by Tribes?

Edile. I haue.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither:
And when they heare me say, it shall be so,
I'th right and strength a'th' Commons: be it either
For death, for fine, or Banishment; then let them
If I say Fine, cry Fine; if Death, cry Death,
Insisting on the olde prerogative
And power i'th Truth a'th' Cause.

Edile. I shall informe them.

Br. And when such time they haue begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a dinne confus'd
Inforce the present Execution
Of what we chance to Sentence.

Edi. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint
When we shall hap to giu'them.

Br. Go about it,

Put him to Choller strait, he hath bene vs'd
Euer to conquer, and to haue his worth
Of contradiction. Being once chaf'd, he cannot
Be rein'd againe to Temperance, then he speaks

What's

What's in his heart, and that is there which looks
With vs to breake his necke.

Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with others.

Sic. Well, heere he comes.

Mene. Calmely, I do beseech you.

Corio. I, as an Hostler, that fourth poorest peece
Will beare the Knaue by'th Volume:

Th'honor'd Goddes
Keepe Rome in safety, and the Chaires of Iustice
Supplied with worthy men, plant loue amongs
Through our large Temples with y shewes of peace
And not our Streets with Warre.

Sen. Amen, Amen.

Mene. A Noble wish.

Enter the Edile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw neere ye people.

Edile. Lift to your Tribunes. Audience:
Peace I say.

Corio. First heare me speake.

Both Tri. Well, say: Peace hoe.

Corio. Shall I be charg'd no further then this present?
Must all determine heere?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their Officers, and are content
To suffer lawfull Censure for such faults
As shall be prou'd vpon you.

Corio. I am Content.

Mene. Lo Citizens, he sayes he is Content.
The warlike Seruice he ha's done, consider: Thinke
Vpon the wounds his body beares, which shew
Like Graues i'th holy Church-yard.

Corio. Scratches with Briars, scarres to moue
Laughter onely.

Mene. Consider further:
That when he speakes not like a Citizen,
You finde him like a Soldier: do not take
His rougher Actions for malicious founts:
But as I say, such as become a Soldier,
Rather then enuy you.

Com. Well, well, no more.

Corio. What is the matter,
That being past for Consull with full voyce:
I am to dishonour'd, that the very houre
You take it off againe.

Sic. Answer to vs.

Corio. Say then: 'tis true, I ought so
Sic. We charge you, that you haue contriu'd to take
From Rome all season'd Office, and to winde
Your selfe into a power tyrannicall,
For which you are a Traitor to the people.

Corio. How? Traitor?

Mene. Nay temperately: your promise.

Corio. The fires i'th' lowest hell. Fould in the people:
Call me their Traitor, thou iniurious Tribune.
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths
In thy hands clutcht: as many Millions in
Thy lying tongue, both numbers. I would say
Thoulyest vnto thee, with a voyce as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Marke you this people?

All. To'th'Rocke, to'th'Rocke with him.

Sic. Peace:

We neede not put new matter to his charge:

What you haue seene him do, and heard him speake: